

P. o. angl.

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Rowlands

Letter of Demetrius to the

Emperor of the East

By Demetrius

Translated

From the Greek

By the Rev. John G. ...

1810

The
Letting of Humours Blood

In
The Head Uaine, &c.

BY
S. ROWLANDS.

EDINBURGH:

Reprinted by James Ballantyne and Co.

FOR
WILLIAM LAING, AND WILLIAM BLACKWOOD.

1815.

Printing of Engravings &c.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE curiosity of the present age has been much directed towards the fugitive pieces of the reigns of Elizabeth and James I. both as illustrating obscure passages of Shakspeare, and of our earlier dramatists, and as containing an authentic record of the private life of our forefathers. The following poems will be found to gratify, in no common degree, the curious antiquary who investigates these subjects; and as the original volume is rare, and bears a high price among collectors, it is hoped that the present very limited impression may render the knowledge which it contains accessible to some who have not an opportunity to consult the original edition. A very few notes are added, less with the purpose of illustrating the epigrams and satires, than of shewing, in some degree, their connection with the literature and domestic history of the age in which they were written.

The fantastic title which the author has chosen serves to explain the purpose of his satire. The present age is distinguished by an uniformity of fashionable folly. The more ambitious coxcombs of our forefathers' day, affected to distinguish themselves, not only from the sober-minded public, and from the vulgar, but from each other, for which purpose each assumed a strain of peculiarity, however absurd and fantastic, and, in the phrase of heraldry, bore his folly with a difference. Thus every fashionable gallant varied in mien and manner from his companions, as widely as all did from sober demeanour and common sense. Ben Jonson, who piqued himself upon delineating with comic accuracy, and with satirical force, the peculiar strains of thought and manner called humours, observes, with some indignation, that those who could make no pretension to that original strain of thought and action to which he would willingly restrict the term, affected some distinction or peculiarity in dress or manner, in order to establish their title to be called humourists. The real *humour* he defines to be

—When some peculiar quality
Doth so possess a man, that it doth draw
All his affects, his spirits, and his powers,
In their confluents, all to run one way;
This may be truly said to be a HUMOUR.
But that a rook, by wearing a pyed feather,
The cable hat-band, or the three-piled ruff,
A yard of shoe-tye, or the Switzer's knot,
Or his French garters, should affect a HUMOUR;
O, it is more than most ridiculous!

Cor. He speaks pure truth now; if an idiot

Have but an apish or fantastic strain,
It is his HUMOUR.

Our poet has given us numerous instances both of the real and of the pseudo-humourist ; and as he described the scenes in which he lived, and the follies which were acted before his eyes, it is interesting to observe, that the various affectations of the retainers of Sir John Falstaff, as well as those of the Bobadil, Stephen, and Master Matthew of Jonson, and of the various comic characters portrayed by Beaumont and Fletcher, were not, as modern readers might conceive them, the fantastic creatures of the poet's imagination, but had in reality their prototypes upon the great scene of the world. The author has indeed portrayed examples of every species of affectation, from the bombastic vein of Ancient Pistol to the melancholy and gentleman-like gravity of Master Stephen.

The book was first published in 1600, and met but a rude reception ; for 26th October, 1600, occurs the following order upon the records of Stationers' Hall :—" Yt is orderd, that the next court-day two bookes lately printed, thone called *The Letting of Humors Blood in the Head Vayne* ; thother, *A Mery Metinge, or 'tis Mery when Knaves mete* ; shal be publicquely burnt, for that they conteyne matters unfytt to be published ; then to be burnd in the hall kytchen, with other popish bookes and thinges that were lately taken." From the severity of this sentence it would seem that the characters drawn by the author were understood to

have reference to living persons. Mr Ames, who quotes the order, tells us, that several of the trade were [March 4, 1600-1,] fined two shillings and sixpence a-piece for buying these obnoxious works; but that it does not appear whether any penalty was imposed on the printer and publisher. He supposes the book had been reprinted after the destruction of the first edition, which gave rise to this second sentence. See *Typographical Antiquities*, edit. 1786, vol. ii. p. 1266.

It would seem that, in consequence of the prohibition, and fines imposed on the trade who purchased this little volume, the title was altered; for there are two editions under the title of "*Humours Ordinarie, where a Man may be verie merie and exceeding well used for Sixpence*," one without date, and one in 1607. But in 1611, William White adventured to republish the work under its original title, a few years having made such changes as removed the original objections, or perhaps the licence of the press having become more extended. With the addition of this preliminary advertisement, and a few trifling notes, the present edition is an exact fac-simile of that of 1611.

The literary merit of a rare work is a postponed object of enquiry to the Bibliomaniac; but even in this point of view something may be said for the credit of our author. He anatomises in his rugged numbers the follies of the time in which he lived with a satirical force not inferior to that

of Hall or Donne, and may even boast with old Ben himself,

—————My strict hand
Was made to seize on vice, and with a gripe
Squeeze out the *humour* of such spongy natures,
As lick up every idle vanity.

The author, Samuel Rowlands, was a prolific pamphleteer in the reigns of Elizabeth, James I. and Charles I. and wrote many fugitive pieces, some few religious, but for the most part local and personal satires. The industry of Ritson (see *Bibliographia*, p. 316,) has mustered a numerous catalogue of his works, yet there are several omissions which have been supplied by more recent research. Sir Egerton Brydges has made some addition to the list, in the *Censura Literaria*, vol. ii. p. 150. And specimens of two curious satires, entitled "The Knave of Clubs," and "The Knave of Hearts," are given in the *Bibliographer*, vol. ii. p. 103. The first of these had the fate of the following work, being condemned to the kitchen of the Stationers' Company in the year 1600. At p. 549 of the same volume, the ingenious and industrious bibliographer analyzes briefly two other treatises of Rowlands, "The Melancholy Knight," namely, and a collection of religious tracts, entitled "Heaven's Glory," &c.

Excepting that he lived and wrote, none of these industrious antiquaries have pointed out any particulars respecting Rowland. It has been remarked, that his muse is seldom found in the

best company; and, to have become so well acquainted with the bullies, drunkards, gamesters, and cheats, whom he describes, he must have frequented the haunts of dissipation, in which such characters are to be found. But the humorous descriptions of low-life exhibited in his satires are more precious to antiquaries than more grave works, and those who make the manners of Shakspeare's age the subject of their study may better spare a better author than Samuel Rowlands.

The following Collection appears to have been the most popular of his numerous effusions, having, as has been shewn, run through four editions between 1600 and 1611.

Abbotsford, }
1st April, 1814. }

THE LETTING OF HVMORS BLOOD IN THE HEAD-VAINE.

With a new Moriffco, daunced by
feuen *Satyres*, vpon the bottome
of *Diogenes Tubbe*.



Imprinted at London by W. W.
1611.

THE LETTING
OF HUMORS
BLOOD IN THE
HEAD-VAIN.

With a new Method, danc'd by
James Green, upon the bottom
of Diogenes Pipe.



Printed at London by W. W.
1711.



TO THE GENTLE-
men Readers.

HVmors, is late crownd King of Caualeeres,
Fantastique-follies, grac'd with common fauour,
Civilitie, hath serued out his yeares,
And scorneth now to waite on Good-behauour:
Gallants, like Richard the Usurper, swagger,
That had his hand continuall on his Dagger.

Fashions is still consort with New-found Shapes,
And feedeth dayly vpon Strange disguise:
Wee shew our selues the imitating Apes
Of all the toyes that Strangers heades deuise;
For there's no habite of hell-hatched Sinne
That we delight not to be clothed in.

Some sweare as though they Starres from heauen could pull,
And all their speech is poynted at the stabbe,
When all men know it is some coward Gull,
That is but Champion to a Shoreditch-Drabbe,
Whose Feather, is his heades lighthnes proclamer,
Although he seeme some mighty Monster-tamer.





To the Gentlemen Readers.

*Epicurisme cares not how he liues,
But still perswadeth brutish Appetite.
Disdaine, regards not what abuse he giues
Carelesse of wronges, and vnregarding right.
Selfe-loue, (they say) to Selfe-conceit is wed :
By which base match, are vgly vices bred.*

*Pride revels like the roysting Prodigall,
Pushing his credite that his Pursestringes cracke,
Vntill in some distresfull Iayle he fall :
Which wore of late, a Lordship on his backe :
There he till death, must lie in pawne for debt :
Griefes night is neere, when Pleasures Sunne is set.*

*Vunting hath got a mighty thundering voyce,
Looking that all men should applaude his sound :
His deedes are singular, his wordes be choyce,
On earth his equall is not to be found.
Thus Vertu's hid with Follies iugling mist,
And hees no man, that is no humorist.*

R. S.





TO POETS.

Good honest Poets, let mee craue a boone,
That you would write, I doe not care how soone
Against the bastard Humors howerly bred
In euery mad-braind wit-worne giddy head:
At such grose follies doe not fit and winke,
Belabour these same Guls with pen and incke:
You see some striue for faire hand-writing fame,
As *Peter Bales*, his Signe can prooue the same,
Gracing his credit with a Golden Pen:
I would have Poets prooue more taller men,
In perfect letters rected his contention;
But yours consistes in wits choyce rare inuention.
Will you stand spending your inuentions treasure,
To teach stage Parrets speake for penny pleasure,
While you your selues like musicke sounding Lutes,
Fretted and strung, gaine them their filken futes.
Leaue *Cupid's* cut, Women's face-flatt'ring prayse,
Loues subiect growes too threed-bare now adayes
Change *Venus* Swannes, to write of *Vulcans* Geese,
And you shall merite Golden Pens apeece.

FINIS.

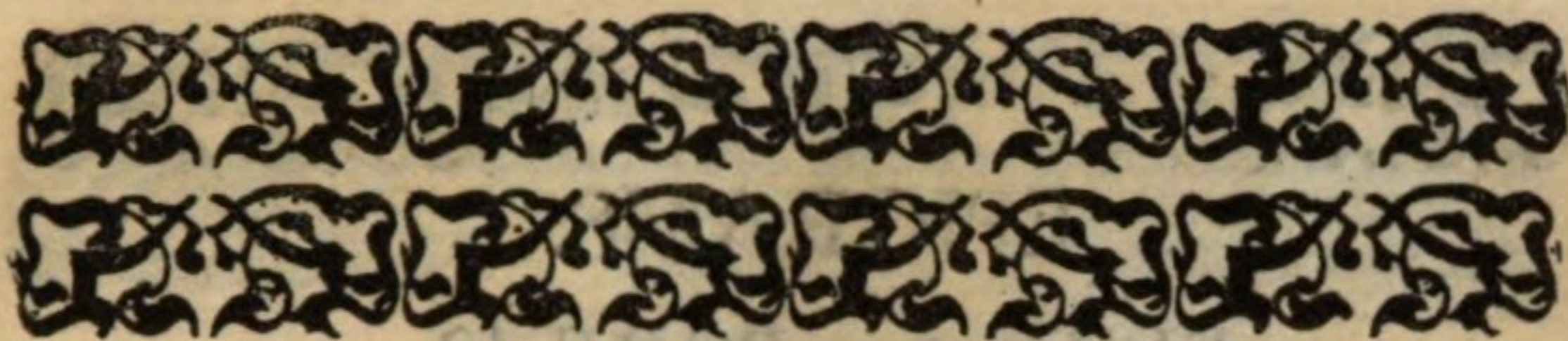
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*Mirth pleaseth some ; to others ti's offence :
Some wish t'haue Follies told ; some dislike that :
Some commend Plaine conceites, some Profound sence :
And most would haue, themselues they know not what.
Then he that would please all, and him selfe too,
Takes more in hand, then he is like to doo.*





EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 1.

M*onsieur Domingo*, is a skilfull man,
For much experience he hath lately got ;
Proouing more Phisicke in an Ale-house Can,
Then may be found in any Vintners Pot :
Beere he protestes is sodded and refin'd ;
But this he speakes, being single pennie lin'd.

For when his purse is swolne but six-pence big,
Why then he sweares ; Now by the Lord I thinke,
All Beere in *Europe* is not worth a Fig :
A cup of Claret is the onely drinke.
And thus his praise from Beere to Wine doth goe,
Euen as his Purse in Pence doth ebbe and flow.

EPIG. 2.

WHo seekes to please all men each way,
And not himselfe offend :
He may begin his worke to day,
But God knowes when hee'le end.

A 4

Epig. 3.





EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 3. *BOREAS.*

HAng him base Gull, Ile stab him by the Lord,
 If he presume to speake but halfe a word :
 Ile panch the villaine with my Rapiers poynt,
 Or heaw him with my Fawchion ioynt by ioynt :
 through both his cheeks my poniard he shal haue
 Or Mincepy-like, Ile mangle out the slaue.
 Aske who I am, you whorfan freez-gowne patch,
 Call me before the Constable or Watch ?
 What a Captain walke the Kings high-way ?
 Zonds, who de speake to ? know ye villaines, ha ?
 You drunken pefants, run's your tongs on wheels
 Long you to see your guts about your heeles ?
 Dooft loue me *Tom* ! let goe my Rapier then,
 Perswade me not from killing nine or ten :
 I care no more to kill them in braueado,
 Then for to drinke a pipe of *Trenidado*.
 My minde to patience neuer will restore me,
 Vntill their blood doe gush in streames before me.
 Thus doth Sir *Lancelot* in his drunken stagger,
 Sweare, curse & raile, threaten, protest & swagger :
 But being next day to sober answere brought,
 Hee's not the man can breed so base a thought.

Epig. 4.





EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 4.

(God

WHen *Thraso* meetes his friend, he sweares by
Vnto his Chamber he shall welcome bee :
Not that heele cloy him with rost or sod,
Such vulgar diet with Cookes shops agree :
But heele present most kind, exceeding franke,
The best *Tobacco* that he euer dranke.

Such as himselfe did make a voyage for,
And with his owne hands gather'd frō the ground.
All that which other fetcht, he doth abhor,
His grew vpon an Iland neuer found :
Oh rare compound, a dying Horfe to choke,
Of English Fire, and of India Smoke.

EPIG. 5.

D*iogenes* one day through *Athens* went,
With burning Torch in Sun-shine : his intent
Was (as he sayd) some honest man to finde :
For such were rare to meete, or he was blind.
one late, might haue done wel like lights t'haue got,
That sought his Wife, met her, and knew her not.
But stay, cry mercy, she had on her Maske,
How could his eyes perform their spying taske ?

'Tis





EPIGRAMS.

T'is very true, t'was hard for him to doo,
By Sunne & Torch; let him take Lat-horne too.

EPIG. 6.

A Las, *Dulfridus* keepes his Bed, God knowes,
Which is a signe his Worship's very ill :
His grieve beyond the grounds of Phisicke goes,
No Doctor that comes neare it with his skill :
Yet doth he eate, drinke, talke, & sleepe profound,
Seeming to all mens iudgements healthfull found.

Then gesse the cause he thus to bed is drawne.
What, thinke you so? may such a hap procure it?
Well, t'is very true, his Hose are out at pawne;
A breechelesse chaunce is come, he must indure t :
His Hose to Brokers Iayle committed are,
His singular and onely Veluet paire.

EPIG. 7.

S Peake Gentlemen, What shall we doe to day,
Drinke some braue health vpon the Dutch ca-
Or shall we to the *Globe* and see a Play? (rouse?
Or visit *Shorditch* for a Baudie house?
Lets call for Cardes or Dice, and haue a Game,

To





EPIGRAMS.

To fit thus idle, is both sinne and shame.

This speakes Sir *Reuell*, furnisht out with fashion,
From dish-crownd Hat, vnto the shoos square toe,
That haunts a Whore-house but for recreation :
Playes but at Dice to Cunny-catch, or so :
Drinkes prunke in kindnes for good fellowship ;
Or to the Play goes, but some Purse to nip.

EPIG. 8.

Sir *Gall-iade*, is a Horfe-man eu'ry day,
His Bootes, & Spurs, and Legges do neuer part.
Hee rides a Horfe as passing cleane away,
As any that goes Tiburne-ward by Cart :
Yet honestly he payes for Hacknyes hire :
Bnt hange them Iades, he fels them when they tire.

He liues not like *Diogenes* on Rootes,
But prooues a Mince-pie guest vnto his Host.
He scornes to walke in *Paules* without his Bootes ;
And scores his Diet on the Vitlers post :
And whē he knowes not where to haue his dinner,
He fastes, and sweares, a Glutton is a finner.

This





EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 9. *Drudo.*

THis Gentleman hath serued long in *France*,
And is returned filthy full of *French* ;
In single Combat being hurt by chaunce,
As he was closely foyling at a Wench :
Yet hot alarmes he hath endur'd good store,
But neuer in like pockie heate before.

He had no sooner drawne and ventred ni-her,
Intending only but to haue about,
When she his Flaske & Touch-box fet on fier ;
And till this hour the burning is not out :
Judge : was not valour in this Martiall wight,
That with a spit-fire Serpent so durst fight ?

EPIG. 10.

Some doe account it golden lucke,
They may be Widdow-sped for mucke :
Boyes, on whose chinnes no Downe appeares,
Mary old Drones of threescore yeares ;
But they are fooles to Widdowes cleaue :
Let them take that which Maydes doe leave.

Epig. 11.





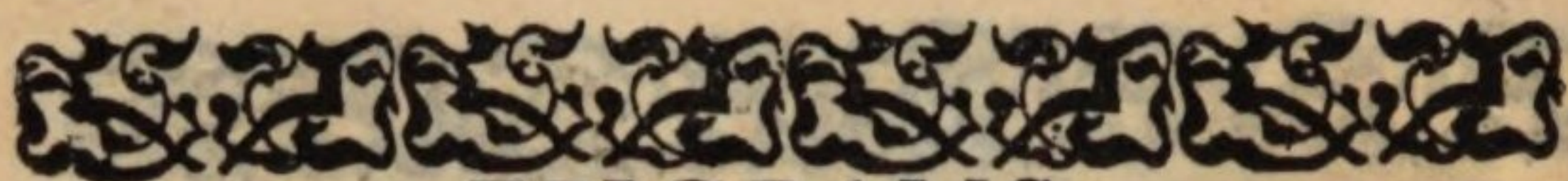
EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. II. *In Meretricem.*

FYe Gentleman, you moue me to offence,
In comming to me with vnchast pretence ;
Haue I the looke of a lasciuious Dame,
That you should deeme me fit for wantons game ?
I am not she will take lustes sinne vpon her,
Ile rather die, then dimme chaste glorious honour.
Tempt not mine eares ; & grace of Christ I meane
To keepe mine honest reputation cleane :
My hearing lets no such leawd sound come in,
My senses loth to surfet on sweet sinne :
Reuerse your minde, that goes from grace astray,
And God forgiue you, with my heart I pray.
The gallant notes her words, obserues her frown ;
Then draws his purse, & lets her view his crown,
Vowing that if her kindnes graunt him pleasure,
She shall be Mistris to commaund his treasure.
The stormes are calm'd, the gust is ouer-blowne,
And she replies with ; *Yours, or not her owne.*
Desiring him to censure for the best,
Twa's but her tricke to try if men doe iest :
Her loue is locked where he may pick the truncke
Let *Singer* iudge if this be not a Puncke.

Epig. 12.





EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 12.

Politique *Peter* meetes his friend a shore
That came from Seas but newly tother day :
And giues him French embracements by y^e score ;
Then followes *Dicke*, hast made good viage, say ?
But hearing *Richards* shares be poore and ficke,
Peter ha's haste, and can not drinke with *Dicke*.

Well, then he meetes an other Caualeere,
Whom he salutes aboue the Knees and Thighs :
Welcome sweet *James*, now by y^e Lord what cheere
Ne're better *Peter*, we haue got rich prize.
Come, come (sayes *Peter*) euen a welcome quart,
For by my fay, weele drinke before we part :

Or thus.

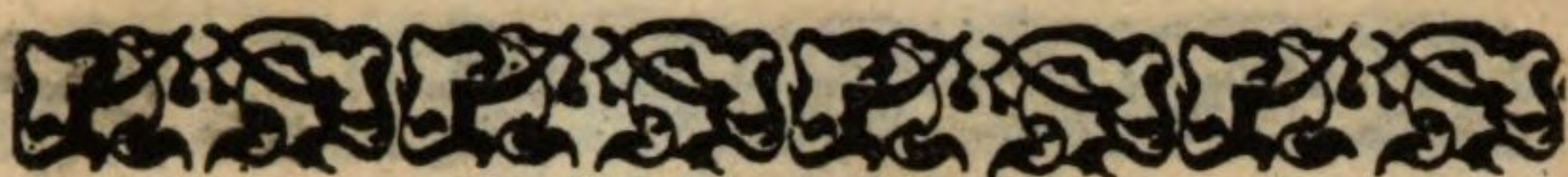
Sure we must drinke, that's flat, before we part.

EPIG. 13.

Fine *Phillip* comes vnto the Barbers shop,
Where's nittie Locks must suffer reformation :
The Chaire aud Chushion entertaines his slopp ;
The Barber craues to know his worships fashion
His will is, shauen ; for his Beard is thin,
It was so lately banish'd from his chin ;

But





EPIGRAMS.

But shauing oft will helpe it, he doth hope,
And therefore for the smooth-face cut he calles :
Then fie, these Cloathes are washt with common
Why dost thou vse such ordinarie Bals ? (Sope ;
I scorne this common trimming like a Boore,
Yet with his heart he loues a common Whore.

EPIG. 14.

Signteur Fanta icke,

I Scorne to meete an Enemie in field,
Except he be a Souldier (by this light)
I likewise scorne my reason for to yeeld :
Yea further, I doe well nigh scorne to fight ;
Moreouer, I doe scorne to be so vaine,
To draw my Rapier, and put vp again.

I eke do scorne to walke without my man,
Yea and I scorne good morrow and good deane :
I also scorne to touch an Ale-house cann
There to I scorne an ordinarie Queane,
Thus doth he scorne, disdainfull, proud, & grim
All but the Foole onely, he scornes not him.

Amo.





EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 15.

A Morous *Austin* spendes much Balletting
In riming Letters, & loue Sonetting : (her,
Shee that loues him, his Incke-horne shall bepaint
And with all *Venus* tytles he'le acquaint her :
Vowing she is a perfect Angell right,
When she by waight is many graines too light :
Nay, all that do but touch her with the Stone,
Will be depof'd that Angell she is none :
How can he prooue her for an Angell then,
That prooues her selfe a Diuell tempting men :
And draweth many to the fierie pit,
Where they are burned for their entring it ?
I know no cause wherefore he tearmes her so,
Vnlesse he meanes shee's one of them below,
Where *Lucifer* chiefe Prince, doth domineere :
If she be such ; then good my hearts stand cleere,
Come not within the compasse of her flight ;
For such as doe, are haunted with a Spright.
This Angell is not noted by her Winges,
But by her Tayle, all full of prickes and stinges :
And know this lust-blind Louer's vaine is led,
To prayse his Diuell, in an Angels stead.

Epig. 16.





EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 16.

Gallus will haue no Barbour prune his Beard,
Yet is his Chin cleane shauen and vnheard :
How comes he trimmed, you may aske me than?
His Wenches doe it with their Warming-pan.

EPIG. 17.

When *Cauaiero Rake-hell* is to rise
Out of his Bed, he capers light and headdie :
Thē wounds he sweares ; you arrant whore he cries
Why what's the cause that breakfast is not reddy ?
Can men feed (like *Camelions*) on the ayre ?
This is the manner of his Morning prayer.

Well, he sweares on vntil his Breakfast comes,
And then with teeth he falles to worke apace :
Leauing his Boy a Banquet all of Crummes.
Dispatch you Rogue ; my Rapier, thats his Grace :
So, foorth he walkes, his Stomacke must go shift,
To dine and sup abroad, by deed of gift.

EPIG. 18.

A Woefull exclamation late I heard,
Wherewith *Tabacco* takers may be feard :

B.

One





EPIGRAMS.

One (at the poynt with Pipe and Leaf to part)
Did vow *Tobacco* worse then Deaths blacke dart ;
And prou'd it thus : You know (qd. he) my friends
Death onely stabs the heart and so life ends :
But this same Poyson, steeped *India* weede,
In head, hart, lungs, doth foote & cobwebs breed.
With that he gasp'd, & breath'd out such a smoke,
That all the standers by were like to choke.

EPIG. 19.

C*Acus* would gladly drinke, but wants his Purse
Nay wants mony, which is ten times worse :
For as he vowes himselfe, he hath not seene
In three dayes space, the picture of the King :
Yet if he meete a friend neere *Tauerne* signe,
Straight he intreats him take a pint of Wine ;
For he will giue it, that he will, no nay.
What will he giue ? the other leaue to pay.
He calleth ; Boy, fill vs the tother Quart,
I will bestow it euen with all my heart :
Then doth he diue into his Slops profound,
Where not a poore Port-cullice can be found :
Meane while, his friend discharges all the Wine :
Stay, stay, (quoth he) or well, next shall be mine.

Epig 20.





EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 20.

Soto can prooue such as be drunke by noone,
Are long-liu'd men : the Poxe he can as soone.
Nay heare his reason ere you do condemne,
And if you find it foolish, hisse and hemme.
He sayes, Good blood is euen the life of man.
I graunt him that : (say you) well go-to than,
More Drinke, the more good blood. O that's a lie :
The more you drinke, the sooner drunke, say I.
Now he protestes you doe him mighty wrong ;
Swearing a man in drink, is three men strong,
And he will pawne his head against a penny,
One right mad drunke, wil braule & fight with a-
Well, you reply : that argument is weake, (ny.
How can a Drunkard braule, that can not speake ?
Or how can he vse Weapon in his hand,
Which can not guide his feete to goe or stande ?
Harke what an oath the drunkē slaue doth sweare
He is a man by that, a man may heare :
And when you see him stagger, reele, and winke,
He is a man and more, I by this Drinke.

B 2.

Epig. 21.





EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 21.

F*Rancke* in name, and *Francke* by nature,
Francis is a most kind creature :
Her selfe hath suffered many a fall,
In striuing how to pleasure all.

EPIG. 22.

When *figneur Sacke & Suger* drinke dround reeles,
He vowes to heaw the Spurs from's fellows heeles
When calling for a quart of *Charnico*,
Into a louing league they present grow :
Then instantly vpon a cup or twaine,
Out *Poniards* goe, and to the stabbe againe :
Friends vpon that ; they drinke, and so imbrace :
Straight bandy *Daggers* at each others face.
This is the humour of a madde druncke foole,
In *Tauerne* pots that keepes his *Fencing-schoole*.

EPIG. 23.

C*Ornutus* was exceeding ficke and ill,
Pain'd as it seemed, chiefly in his head :
He call'd his friends, meaning to make his Will,
Who founde him drunke with hose & shoes a bed :
To whom he said ; Oh good my Maisters see,
Drinke with his dart, hath all bestabbed mee.

I





EPIGRAMS.

I heere bequeath, if I doe chance to die,
To you kind friends and *boone* companions all,
A pound of good *Tobacco*, sweete and dry,
To drinke amongst you at my Funerall:
Besides, a Barrell of the best strong Beere,
And Pickle-hearings, for to domineere.

EPIG. 24.

VV Ee Men, in many faultes abound;
But two in Women can be found:
The worst that from their sex proceedes,
Is naught in words, and naught in deedes.

EPIG. 25.

B Idde mee goe sleepe? I scorne it with my heeles,
I know my selfe as good a man as thee:
Let goe mine Arme I say, lead him that reeles,
I am a right good Fellow; dost thou see?
I know what longes to drinking, and I can
Abuse my selfe as well as any man.

I care no more for twentie hundred pound,
(Before the Lord) then for a very straw:
Ile fight with any hee aboue the ground.

B 3

Tut,





31 EPIGRAMS.

Tut tell me whats what, I know the Law,
Rapier and Dagger: hey, a kingly fight:
He now try falles with any, by this light.

EPIG. 26.

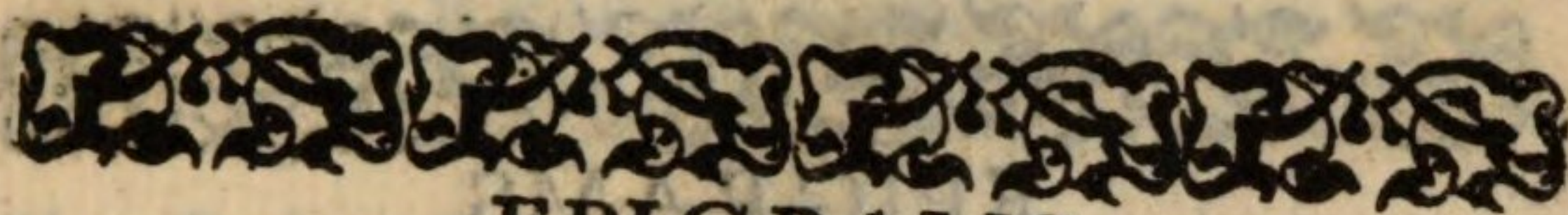
BEhold a most accomplish'd Caualeere,
That the worlds Ape of fashions doth appeare
Walking the streetes his humors to disclose,
In the French Doublet, and the German Hose:
The Muffes Cloake, Spanish Hat, Tolledo blade,
Italian Ruffe, a Shoe right Flemish made;
Like Lord of Misrule, where he comes he'le reuel,
And lye for wagers, with the lying'st Diuell.

EPIG. 27.

ASke *Humors*, why a Fether he doth weare?
It is his humour (by the Lord) hee'le sweare.
Or, what he doth with such a Horse-taile Locke?
Or, why vpon a Whore he spends his stocke?
He hath a Humour doth determine so.
Why in the stop-throat fashion doth he go,
With Scarfe about his necke, Hat without band?
It is his Humour, sweet fir vnderstand.

What





EPIGRAMS.

What cause his Purse is so extreame distrest,
That often times t'is scarcely penny blest ?
Onely a Humour: If you question why ;
His tongue is nere vnfirmish'd with a lye :
It is his Humour too, he doth protest.
Or, why with Sergiants he is so oppress,
That like to Ghostes they haunt him ery day ?
A rascall Humour, doth not loue to pay.
Obiect, why Bootes and Spurres are still in season ?
His Humour answer's, Humour is his reason.
If you perceiue his witt's in wetting shrunke :
It commeth of a Humour to be drunke.
When you behold his lookes pale, thin, & poore,
Th' occasion is, his Humour, and a Whore.
And euery thing that he doth vndertake,
It is his veine, for sencelesse Humours fake.

EPIG. 28.

Three high-way standers, hauing crof-les curffe,
Did greet my frend with, sir, giue vs your purffe
Though he were true-man, they agreed in one :
For purffe & coine betwixr them foure was none.





EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 29.

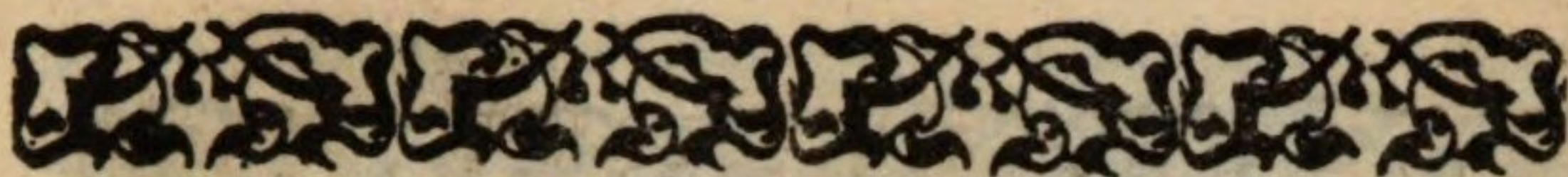
A Gentlewoman of the dealing trade,
Procur'd her owne sweet Picture to be made :
Which being done, she from her word did slip,
And would not pay full due for workmanship :
The Painter swore she nere should haue it so ;
She bade him keep it, and away did goe.
Hee chollericke, and mighty discontent,
Straight tooke his Pencil and to worke he went,
Making the Dogge she held a grim Cattes face,
And hung it in his shop to her disgrace :
Some of her friends that saw it, to her went,
In iesting manner, asking what she meant
To haue her Picture hang where gazers swarme,
Holding a filthy Catt within her arme ?
She in a shamefull heate in haste did hie,
The Painter to content and fatisfie ;
Right glad to giue a French crowne for his paine,
To turne her Catte into a Dogge againe.

EPIG. 30.

What's hee that sits and takes a nap,
Fac'd like the North-wind of a Map :
And sleeping, to the Wine doth nod ?
Tis *Bacchus* coosen, Belly-god.

Epig. 31.





EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 31.

When *Tarleton* cloun'd it in a pleasant vaine,
 And with conceits did good opinions gaine
 Vpon the Stage, his merry humors shop, (flop,
 Clownes knew the Clowne by his great clownish
 But now th'are gull'd, for present fashion sayes,
Dicke Tarletons part, Gentlemens Breeches playes :
 In euery streete where any *Gallant* goes,
 The swagg'ring Slop, is *Tarletons* clownish Hofe.

EPIG. 32. To *Lutius*.

One newly practiz'd in Astronomie,
 That neuer dealt in Weather-wit before,
 Would scrape (forfooth) acquaintance of the Skie,
 And by his Art, goe knocke at Heauen dore :
 Meane while, a Scholler in his Studie slips,
 And taught his Wife skill in the Moones eclips.

Next night, that friend perswads him walke alone
 Into the field to gather Starres that fell,
 To mix them with Philosophers rare Stone
 That begets Gold : hee likt that motion well,
 And went to watch, where Starres dropt very thin,
 But raine so showr'd, it wet his fooles-case skin.

Epig. 33.





EPIGRAMS.

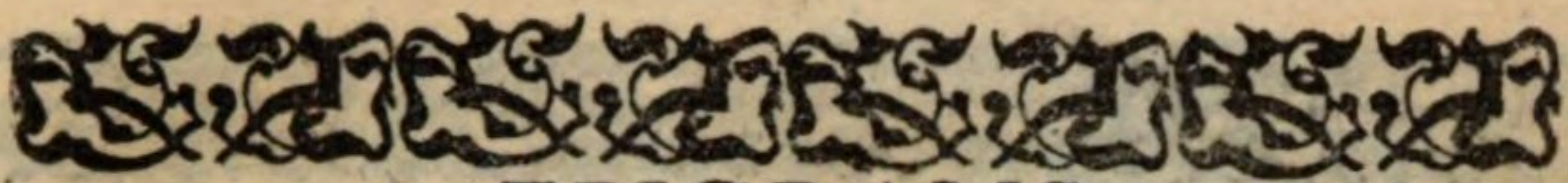
EPIG. 33. (eares,

WHat gallant's that, whose oaths fly throuh my
 How like a Lord of *Plutoes* court he sweares :
 How braue in such a baudy house he fought,
 How rich his emptie Purse is outside wrought,
 how Duchman-like he swallows down his drinke
 How sweete he takes *Tobacco* till he stinke :
 How lofty sprited he disdaines a Boore,
 How faythfull hearted he is to a ()
 How cock-taile proud he doth his head aduance :
 How rare his Spurs doth ring the Morris-dance :
 Now I protest by Mistris *Susans* Fanne,
 Hee and his Boy, will make a proper man.

EPIG. 34.

LAugh good my Maisters, if you can intend it,
 For yonder comes a Foole that will defend it :
 Saw you a verier Affe in all your life,
 That makes himsele a Pack-horse to his Wife ?
 I would his nose where I could wish, were warme,
 For carrying *Pearle* so pretty vnder's arme.
Pearle, his wiues Dog ; a pretty sweete fac'd curre,
 That





EPIGRAMS.

That barks a nights at the least fart doth sturre,
Is now not well, his cold is scarfely broke ;
Therefore good Hisband, wrap him in thy cloake :
And sweet-heart, prethee helpe me to my Maske ;
Hold *Pearle* but tender, for he hath the laske.
Heere, take my Muffe : & do you heare good man
Now giue me *Pearle*, and carry you my Fanne.
Alack poore *Pearle*, the wretch is full of paine,
Hisband take *Pearle*, giue me my Fanne againe.
See how he quakes ; fayth I am like to weepe :
Come to me *Pearle* ; my Scarfe good hisband keepe
To be with mee I know my Puppy loues.
Why *Pearle* I say : Hisband take up my Gloues.
Thus Goodman Idiot thinkes himselfe an Earle,
That he can please his Wife, and carry *Pearle* :
But others iudge his state to be no higher,
Then a Dogs yeoman, or some Pippin squier.

EPIG. 35.

WHy should the Mercers trade, a Sattin suite,
with Cooks grease be so wickedly pollute ?
The reason is ; the scandall and defame
Grew, that a greasie flouen weares the fame.

Epig. 36.





EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 36.

S *Euerus* is extreame in eloquence,
In perfum'd wordes, plung'd ouer head & eares
He doth create rare Phrase, but rarer Sence,
Fragments of Latine all about he beares:
Vnto his Seruing-man, *alias*, his Boy,
He vtters speach exceeding quaint and coy.

Deminutiue, and my defectiue Slaue,
Reach me my corps couerture immediatly:
My pleasures pleasure is, the same to haue,
T'insconce my person from frigiditie.
His man beleeues all's Welch his Maister spoke,
Till he railes English: Rogue go fetch my Cloke.

EPIG. 37.

A N honest Vicker, and a kind consort,
That to the Ale-house friendly would resort,
To haue a game at Tables now and than;
Or drinke his Pot as soone as any man:
As faire a Gamester, and as free from braull,
As euer man should need to play withall:
Because his hostesse pledg'd him not Carouse,
Rashly in choller did forswear her house;

Taking





EPIGRAMS.

Taking the Glasse, this was the Oath he swore,
 Now by this Drinke, Ile nere come hither more.
 But mightily his Hostesse did repent,
 For all her Guestes to the next Ale-house went ;
 Following their Vickers steps in euery thing,
 He led the Parish euen by a string.
 At length, his auncient Hostesse did complaine,
 She was vndone vnlesse he came againe ;
 Desiring certaine friendes of hers and his,
 To vse a pollicie, which should be this :
 Because with cōming he should not forswear him
 To saue his oath, they on their backs to beare him.
 Of this good course the Vicker well did thinke,
 And so they alwayes carryed him to drinke.

FINIS.

*Your Sceane is done, depart you Epigrammes,
 Enter Goat-footed Satyres, but like Rammes :
 Come nimbly foorth, Why stand you on delay ?
 O-ho, the Musique-tuning makes you stay :
 Well, friske it out nimbly ; you slaues begin,
 For now mee thinkes, the Fidlers hands are in.*



FIGURAS.

Taking the Glass, this was the Oath he swore,
Now by this Drink, he now come hither more,
But mightily his right the did repeat,
For all her Griefs to me now, the whole went;
Following their Viceroy steps in every thing,
He led the Party each by a string,
At length, his sunlight Hells the did compare,
She was virtuous while he was a slave;
Distinguishing certain traces of her and his,
To vie a goblet, which should be this;
Meant with coming, he should not feel any thing,
To save his faith, they on their backs to leave him;
Of his good count the Viceroy well did think,
And so they always carried him to drink.

FINIS.

Your Science is done, depart you, Epigrammer,
Enter Ghost forth Bays, but like a Roman;
Come in only forth, why stand you on delay?
O ho, the Whigge turning makes you say;
Well, like it out merrily, you have no say;
For now into the world, the Ghosts are say.



SATYRES.

I.

WHo haue we heere? Behold him and be mute,
Some mighty Man (Ile warrant) by his fute:
If all the Mercers in Cheapside shew fuch,
Ile giue them leaue to giue me twise as much:
I thinke the Stuffle is namelesse he doth weare:
But what so ere it be, it is huge geare.
Marke but his gate, and giue him then his due,
Some swaggring Fellow, I may say to you:
It seemes *Ambition* in his bigge looks shroudes,
Some *Centaure* sure, begotten of the Cloudes.
Now a shame take the Buzzard, is it hee?
I know the Ruffian now his face I see.
On a more Gull the Sunne did neuer shine,
How (with a vengeance) comes the foole so fine?
Some Noble-mans cast Sute is fallen vnto him,
For buying Hose & Doublet, would vndoe him.
But wote you now whither the Buzzard walkes?
I, into *Paules* forsooth, and there he talkes
Of forraine tumultes, vttring his aduice,
And proouing Warres euen like a game at dice:

For





SATYRES.

For this (fayes he) as euery Gamester knowes,
Where one side wins, the other side must lose.
Next speach he vtters, is his stomacks care,
Which ordinarily yeeldes the cheapest fare :
Or if his Purse be out of tune to pay,
Then he remembers, tis a Fasting day :
And then he talketh much against excesse,
Swearing all other Nations eate farre lesse
Then Englishmen ; experience you may get
In France and Spaine, (where he was neuer yet)
With a score of Figges, and halfe a pint of Wine,
Some foure or five will very hugely dine.
Mee thinkes this tale is very hude in sound,
That halfe a pint should serue five to drinke round,
And twentie Figges could feed them full and fat :
But Trauellers may lye ; who knowes not that ?
Then why not he, that trauels in conceit,
From East to West, when he can get no meate ?
His iourney is in *Paules* in the back Isles,
Wher's stomack counts each pace a hūdred miles
A tedious thing, though chaunce will haue it such
To trauell o long baytleffe, sure tis much.
Some other time, stumbling on wealthy Chuffes,
Worth gulling, then he swaggers all in huffes,

And





SATIRES.

And tels them of a Prize he was at taking, (ing.
Will be the Ship-boyes childrens childrens mak-
And that a Mouſe could find no roome in hold,
It was ſo peſterd all with Pearle and Gold ;
Vowing to pawne his Head, if it were tride,
They had more Rubies then wold paue Cheapſid
A thouſand other groſſe and odious lyes,
He dares auouch to blind dull Iudgements eyes,
Not caring what he ſpeake, or what he ſweare,
So he gaine credite at his hearers eare.
Sometimes into the *Reall Exchange* hee'le drop,
Clad in the ruines of a Brokers ſhop :
And there his tongue runs by as on affaires,
No talke but of commodities and Wares :
And what great wealth he lookes for ery wind
From God knows where, the place is hard to find.
If Newes be harkened for, then he preuailes,
Setting his Mint a worke to coyne falſe tales.
His tongues-end is betipt with forged chat,
Vttring rare lyes, to be admired at :
Heele tell you of a Tree that he doth know,
Vpon the which Rapiers and Daggers grow,
As good as Fleetſtreet hath in any ſhop,
Which being ripe, downe into Scabbards drop.

buA

C

He



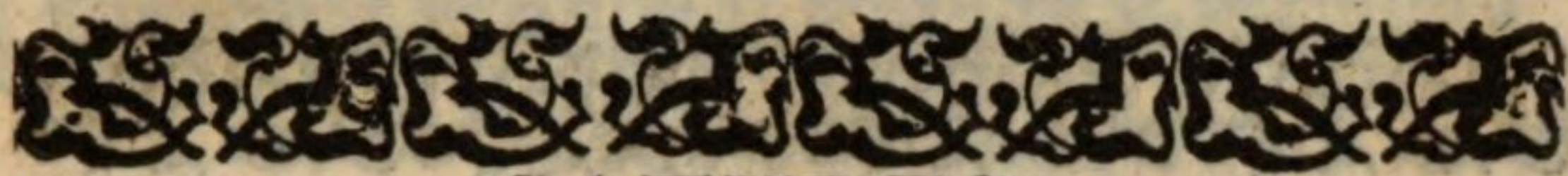


SATYRES.

He hath a very peece of the same Chaire,
In which *Cæsar* was stabb'd : Is it not rare ?
He with his feete vpon the stones did tread,
That *Satan* brought, & bad *Christ* make the bread.
His wondrous trauels challenge such renowne,
That Sir *John Mandiuell* is quite put downe.
Men without heads, & *Pigmires* hand-breadth hie,
Those with one legge that on their backes do lie,
And do the weathers iniurie disdaine,
Makeing their legges a penthouse for the raine :
Are tut, and tush ; not any thing at all.
His knowledge knows, what no mans notice shall
This is a mate vnmeete for euery Groome,
And where he comes, peace, giue his lying roome.
He saw a *Hollander* in *Middleborough*,
As he was flashiug of a Browne-loafe thorough,
Where-to the haste of hunger had inclin'd him,
Cut himselfe through, and two that stood behind
Besides, he saw a fellow put to death, (him :
Could drinke a whole Beere-barrell at a breath.
Oh this is hee that will say any thing,
That to himselfe will any profite bring.
Gainst whofoere he doth speake he cares not :
For what is it that such a villaine dares not ?

And





SATYRES.

And though in conscience he can not deny,
The Al-commaunder sayth, *Thou shalt not lye* ;
Yet he will answere (carelesse of his foules state)
Truth-telling, is a thing obtaineth hate.

2.

SATYRE.

A Man may tell his friend his fault in kindnesse,
To winke at folly, is a foolish blindnesse.
God saue you sir, saluteth with a grece,
One he could wish neuer to see his face.
But doth not he vse meere dissimulation,
That's inside hate, and outside salutation ?
Yes as I take it ; yet his answere sayes,
Fashions and Customs, vse it now adayes,
A Gentleman perhaps may chaunce to meete
His Liuing-griper face to face in streete :
And though his lookes are odious vnto sight,
Yet will he do him the French *Conges* right,
And in his heart wish him as low as Hell,
When in his words hee's glad to see him well :
Then being thus, a man may soone suppose,
There is, *God saue you sir*, sometimes twixt foes.

C 2.

Oh



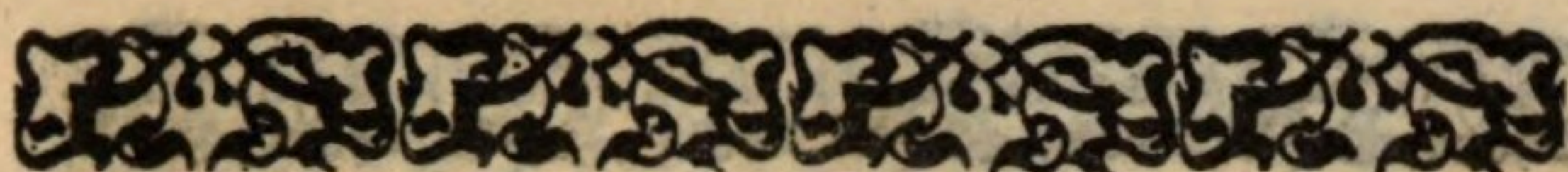


SATYRES.

Oh fir, why thats as true as you are heere,
With one example I will make it cleere,
And farre to fetch the same I will not goe,
But into *Houns-ditch*, to the Brokers roe :
Or any place where that trade doth remaine,
Whether at *Holberne Conduit*, or *Long-laue* :
If thither you vouchsafe to turne your eye,
And see the Pawnes that under forfayte lye,
Which are foorth comming fir, and safe enough,
Sayes good-man Broker, in his new print ruffe :
He will not stand too strictly on a day,
Encouraging the party to delay,
With all good words, the kindest may be spoke,
He turnes the Gentleman out of his Cloake :
And yet betweene them both at euery meeting,
God saue you fir, is their familiar greeting.
This is much kindnes sure, I pray commend him,
with great good words he highly doth defend him
It is a fauour at a pinch, in need.
A pinching friendship, and a pinching deed.
The slaue may weare hie futes of Sattin so,
And like a man of reputation go,
When all he hath in's house, or on his backe,
It is his owne by forfeitures shipwracke.

See



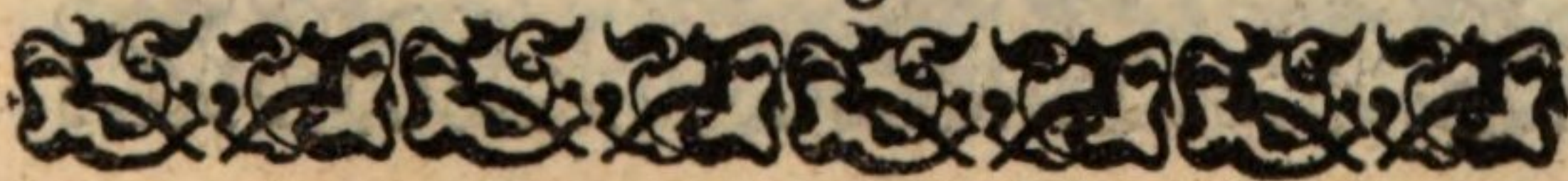


SATYRES.

See you the Brooch that long in's Hat hath bin?
It may be there, it cost him not a pin:
His fundry sorts of diuers mens attire,
He weares them cheape, euen at his owne desire:
Shame ouer-take the Pessant for his paine,
That he should prey on losses, to his gaine,
In drawing wardropes vnder his subiection,
Being a Knaue in manners and complexion:
Iumpe like to *Vsurie*, his nearest kinne:
That weares a Mony bag vnder his chinne;
A bunch that doth resemble such a shape,
And hayred like to Paris-garden Ape,
Foming about the chops like some wild Boore,
As swart and tawnie an as *Indian Moore*:
With narrow brow, and Squirrell eyes, he shoves
His faces chiefeft ornament is Nose,
Full furnished with many a Clarret staine,
As large as any Codpeece of a *Dane*;
Embossed curious, euery eye doth iudge,
His Iacket faced with Moth-eaten Budge:
To which, a paire of Sattin sleeues he weares,
Wherein two pound of Greace about he beares,
His Spectacles doe in a Copper case
Hang dangling about his pissing place.

C 3

His





SATYRES.

His Breeches and his Hose, and all the rest,
Are futable : His Gowne (I meane his best)
Is full of threedes, intitl'd, right threed-bare ;
But Wooll thereon is wondrous scant and rare.
The Welting hath him in no charges flood,
Being the ruines of a cast French hood.
Excesse is finfull, and he doth defie it,
A sparing whorson in attire and diet.
Onely excesse is lawfull in his Chest,
For there he makes a Golden Angels nest ;
And vowes no farder to be found a lender,
Then that most precious mettall doth engender :
Begetting dayly more and more increafe,
His Monyes slaue, till wretched life surcease,
This is the *Jew* alyed very neare
Vnto the *Broker*, for they both doe beare
Vndoubted testimonies of their kinne :
A brace of Rascals in a league of finne :
Two filthy Currees, that will on no man fawne,
Before they taste the sweetnesse of the pawne.
And then the slaues will be as kind forsooth,
Not as *Kind-heart*, in drawing out a Tooth :
For he doth ease the patient of his paine,
But they disease the Borrower of his gaine,

Yet





SATYRES.

Yet neither of them vse extremitie,
 They can be Villaines euen of charitie.
 To lend our Brother it is meete and fit,
 Giue him Rost-meat, & beat him with the Spit.
Vsurie fure is requisite and good,
 And so is Brokage, rightly vnderstood.
 But soft a little, what is hee sayes so?
 One of the twaine (vpon my life) I know.

3. SATYRE.

OH, let the Gentlewoman haue the wall,
 I know her well; tis Mistris what-d'ye-call.
 It should be shee both by her Maske and Fanne:
 And yet it should not, by her Seruing-man.
 For if mine eyes doe not mistake the Foole,
 He is the Vsher of some Dauncing Schole:
 The reason why I doe him such suppose,
 Is this, Mee thinkes he daunceth as he goes.
 An actiue fellow, though he be but poore,
 Either to vault vpon a Horfe, or, &c.

C 4.

See





SATYRES.

See you the huge Bum-dagger at his backe,
To which no Hilt nor Iron he doth lacke ;
Oh with that blade he keeps the Queanes in awe,
Brauely behacked like a two-hand Saw,
Stampes on the ground, & biteth both his thombs
vnlesse he be commaunder where he comes.
You damned Whores where are you ? quick, come
Dry this *Tobacco*, fill a dozen a Beere : (heere,
Will you be briefe, or long you to be bang'd ?
Hold take this Match, goe light it and be hang'd.
Where stay these whores when Gentlemē do call ?
Heer's no attendance (by the Lord) at all.
Then downe the staires the pots in rage he throws
And in a damned vaine of swearing growes :
For he will challenge any vnder heau'n,
To sweare with him, and giue him fixe at seauen :
Oh he is an accomplished Gentleman,
And many rare conceited knackes he can ;
Which yeeld to him a greater store of gaine,
Then iugling Kings, Hey-passe, Legerdemaine.
His Wit's his lyuing ; one of quaint deuice,
For Bowling-allies, Cockpits, Cardes, or Dice ;
To those exployts he euer stands prepar'd ;
A Villaine excellent at a Bum-card.

The





SATYRES.

The Knaue of Clubbes he any time can burne,
And find him in his boosome, for his turne.
Tut, he hath Cardes for any kinde of game,
Primero, Saunt, or whatsoeuer name :
Make him but dealer, all his fellowes sweares,
If you find good dealing, take his eares :
But come to Dice, why thats his onely trade,
Michell Mum-chaunce his owne inuention made.
He hath a Stocke whereon his liuing stayes,
And they are *Fullams*, and *Bardquarter-trayes* :
His *Langreats*, with his *Hie-men*, and his *Low*,
Are ready what his pleasure is to throw.
His stopt Dice with Quick-siluer neuer misse :
He calles for come on fiew, and there it is :
Or else heele haue it with fiew and a reach,
Althoug it cost his necke the Halter streach.
Besides all this same kind of cheating art,
The Gentleman hath some good other part,
Well seene in *Magicke* and *Astrologie*,
Flinging a Figure wondrous handsomly :
Which if it doth not misse, it sure doth hit.
Of troth, the man hath great store of small wit.
And note him wheresoeuer that he goes,
His Bookes of Characters is in his Hofs.

His



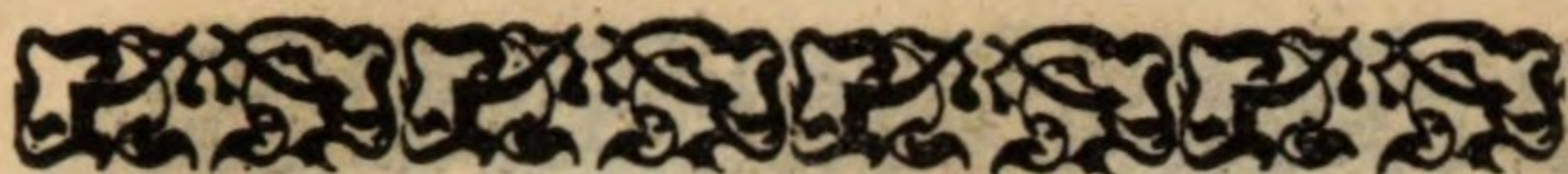


SATYRES.

His dinner he will not presume to take,
Ere he aske counsell of an Almanacke.
Heele find if one prooue false unto his Wife,
Onely with Oxe blood and a rustie Knife.
He can transforme himselfe vnto an Asse,
Shew you the Diuell in a Chrystall glasse.
The Diuell say you? Why I, is that such wonder,
Being comforts, they will not be a funder.
Alcumie in his braines so sure doth settle,
He can make Gold of any Copper Kettle;
Within three weekes space, or such a thing,
Riches vpon the whole world he could bring;
But in his owne Purse one shall hardly spie it,
Witnesse his Hostis, for a twelue months diet:
Who would be glad of Gold or Siluer either,
But sweares by Chalk & Post, she can get neither.
More, he will teach any to gaine their Loue:
As thus, (sayes he) Take me a Turtle Doue,
And in an Ouen let her lie and bake
So dry, that you may pouder of her make:
Which being put into a cup of Wine,
The Wench that drinkes it, will to loue incline;
And shall not sleepe quiet in her Bed,
Till she be eased of her Mayden-head.

This





SATYRES.

This is *Probatum*, and it hath been tride,
Or else the cunning man cunningly lide :
It may be so, a Lie is not so strange ;
Perhaps he spake it when the Moone did change,
And therevpon (no doubt) th' occasion sprunge,
Vnconstant *Luna* ouer-rul'd his tongue.
Astronomers that traffique with the Skie,
By common censure sometime meete the lie :
Although indeed their blame is not so much,
When Starres and Planets fail, and keepe not tutch
And so this fellow with his large profefsion,
That ends his tryall in a farre digression :
Philosophers bequeathed him their Stone,
To make Gold with, yet can his Purse hold none.

4.

SATYRE.

M*Elfluius*, sweete Rose-watred Eloquence,
Thou that hast hunted *Babarisme* hence,
And taught the Good-man *Cobbin* at his Plow,
To be as eloquent as *Tullie* now ;

Who



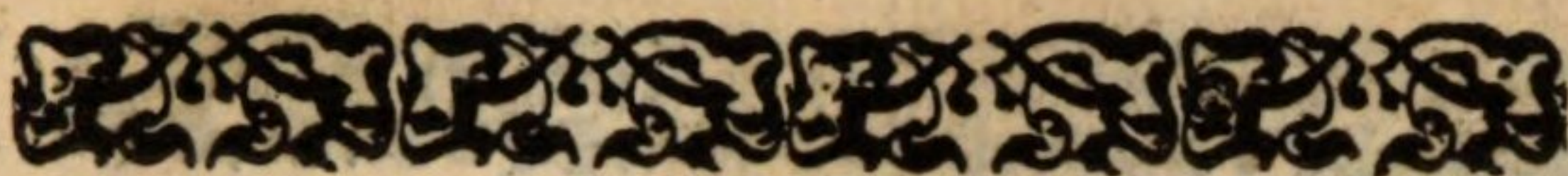


SATYRES.

Who nominates his Bread and Cheefe a name ;
(That doth vntrusse the nature of the same)
His stomacke staye. How dee like the Phrase ?
Are Plough-men simple fellowes now adayes ?
Not so my Maisters : What meant *Singer* then,
And *Pope* the Clowne, to speak so boorish, when
They counterfaite the Clownes vpon the Stage,
Since Country fellowes grow in this same age,
To be so quaint in their new printed speech,
That Cloth will now compare wth Veluet-breech ?
Let him discourse euen where and when he dare,
Talke nere so Inckehorne learnedly and rare,
Sweare Cloth-breech is a pessant (by the Lord)
Threaten to draw (his wrath venger) his sword :
Tush, Cloth-breech doth deride him with a laffe,
And lets him see *Bone-baster*, that's his Staffe :
Then tels him brother, friend, or so forth ; heare ye
Tis not your Knitting-needle makes me feare ye :
If to assention you are so declinde,
I have a restitution in my minde :
For though your Beard do stand so fine mustated,
Perhaps your Nose may be transfigicated.
Man, I dare challenge thee to throw the Sledge,
To iumpe, or leape ouer Ditch or Hedge ;

To



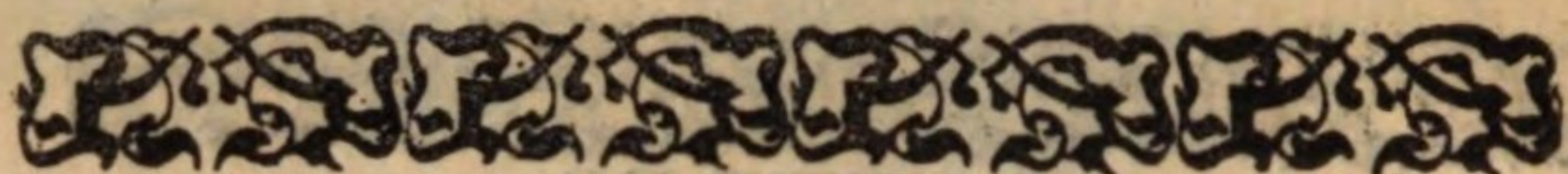


SATYRES.

To Wraffle, play at Stooleball, or to Runne ;
To pick the Barre, or to shoote off a Gunne :
To play at Loggets, Nine holes, or Ten-pinnes ;
To try it out at Foot-ball by the shinnes.
At Ticktack, Irish, Noddy, Maw, and Ruffe :
At Hot-cockles, Leap-frog, or Blindman-buffe :
To drinke halfe Pots, or deale at the whole Can :
To play at Base, or Pen and Inck-horne fir Ihan :
To daunce the Mirris, play at Barly-breake :
At all exployts a man can thinke or speake,
At Shoue-groat, Venter-poynt, or Crosse & pile,
At Beshrow him thats last at yonder Stile :
At leaping ore a Midfommer Bone-fier,
Or at the drawing Dunne out of the myer :
At any of those, or all these, presently ;
Wagge but your finger, I am for you, I.
I scorne (that any Younster of our Towne)
To let the Bow-bell Cockney put mee downe.
This is a Gallant farre beyond a Gull ;
For very Valour filles his Pockets full, (ty,
Wit showers vpon him Wisedomes raine in plen-
For heele be hangd, if any man find twenty
In all their Parish, what so ere they bee,
Can shew a head so polliticke as hee.

It





SATYRES.

It was his Fathers lucke of late to die
Vntestate ; hee about the Legacie
To *London* came, inquiring all about,
How he might finde a Ciuil-villine out ?
Being vnto a Ciuill Lawyer sent :
Pray Sir (quoth he) are you the man I meant,
That haue a certaine kind of occupation
About dead men, that leaue things out of fashion ?
Death hath done that which t'answer he's not able,
My Father he is dyed detestable :
I being his eldest heire, he did prefer
Me fir, to be his executioner.
Pray how may I by Law, his goods deminish ?
Was this a Clowne, tell me true, or was he none ?
You make fatte Clownes, if such as he be one :
A man may sweare, if he were vrg'd to it,
Foolisher fellowes, haue not so much wit.
Oh such as hee, are euen the onely men,
Loue-letters in a Milke-maydes prayse to pen :
Lines that will worke the curstest fullen Shrow,
To loue a man whether he will or no :
Being most wonderous patheticall,
To make *Cisse* out of cry in loue withall :

He





SATYRES.

He scornes that M. Scholemaister should thinke,
He wantes his ayde in halfe a pen of Incke :
As that he doth, it commeth euery whit,
From Natures dry-fat, his owne Mother wit.

As thus :

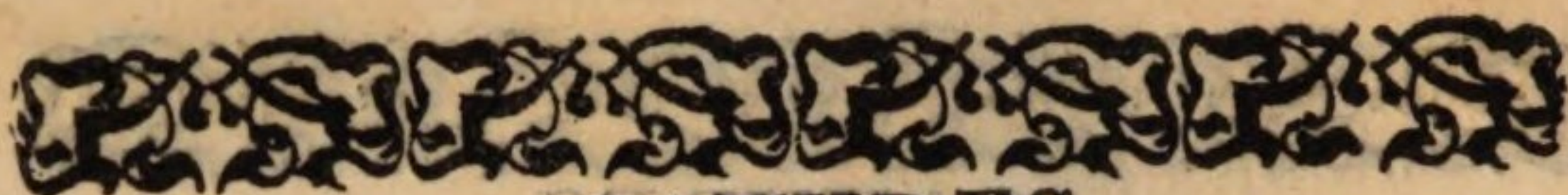
Thou Honny suckle of the Hawthorne hedge,
Vouchsafe in *Cupids* cuppe my heart to pledge :
My hearts dear blood (sweete *Cisse*) is thy carouse
Worth all the Ale in Gammer *Gubbins* house :
I say no more, affayres call me away,
My Fathers Horse for Prouender doth stay :
Be thou the Lady *Cresset-light* to mee,
Sir *Trollelollie* I will prooue to thee.
Written in haste : Farewell my Cowslip sweete ;
Pray lets a Sunday at the Ale-house meete.

5.
SATYRE.

TIs a bad world, the common speach doth goe,
And he complaines, that helps to make it so :
Yet euery man th'imputed crime would shun,

Hipo-





SATYRES.

Hipocrisie with a fine threed is spun.
Each strives to shew the very best in seeming,
Honest enough, if honest in esteeming.
Praise waites vpon him now with much renowne
That wraps vp *Vices* vnder *Vertues* gowne :
Commending with good words, religious deeds,
To helpe the poore, supply our neighbours needs
Doe no man wrong, giue euery man his owne,
Be frind to all, and enemie to none.
Haue charity, auoyde contentious strife :
Oft he speakes thus that nere did good in's life.
Derision hath an oare in euery boate,
In's Neighbour's eye he quickly spies a Moate,
but the great Beame that's noted in his owne,
He lets remaine, and neuer thinkes thereon.
Some doe report he beares about a Sacke,
Halfe hanging forwards, halfe behind at's backe :
And his owne faultes (quite out of sight & minde)
He castes into the part that hanges behinde :
But other mens, he putteth in before,
And into them, he looketh euermore.
Contempt comes very neere to th'others vaine,
He hates all good deserts with proud disdaine :
Rashnesse is his continuall walkingmate,

Costly





SATYRES.

Costly apparel'd, lofty in his gate :
Vp to the eares in double Ruffes and Starch,
God blesse your eyficht when you see him march :
Statutes and Lawes he dare presume to breake,
Against Superiours cares not what he speake.
It is his Humours recreation fittes,
To beat Conables, and resist all Writtes :
Swearing the ripest Wits are childish young,
Vnlesse they gaine instructions from his tongue,
Theres nothing done amongst the very best,
But he'le deride it with some bitter iest.
It's meate and drinke vnto him alwayes, when
He may be censuring of other men,
If a man doe but toward a Tauerne looke,
He is a Drunkard hee'le sweare on a Booke :
Or if one part a Fray of good intention,
He is a quarreller, and loues dissention.
Those that with silence vaine discourses breake,
Are proud fantastickes, that disdaine to speake,
Such as speake soberly with wisedomes leasure,
Are fooles, that in affected speach take pleasure,
If he heare any that reprooueth vice,
He sayes, there's none but Hipocrites, so nice.
No honest woman that can passe along,

D

But



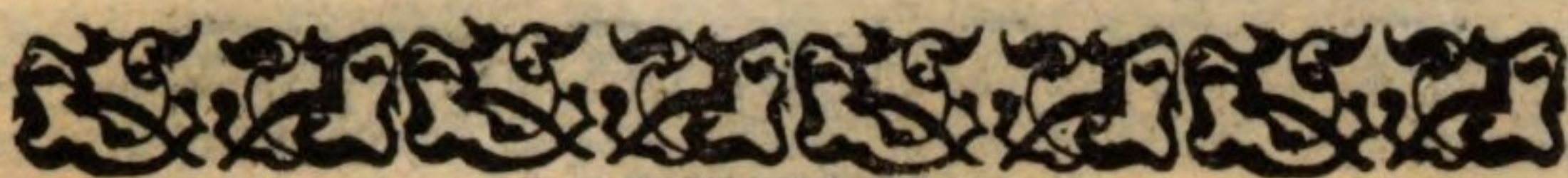


SATYRES.

But must indure some scandall from his tongue :
Shee deales crosse blowes her husband neuer feeles
This Gentlewoman weareth capering heeles.
There minces *Mall*, to see what youth wil like her
Her eyes doe beare her witnesse she's a striker.
Yonders a Wench new dipt in Beauties blaze,
She is a Mayde, as Maydes go now adayes.
And thus *Contempt* makes choysest recreation,
In holding euery one in detestation :
His common gait is of the iutting size,
He hath a pair of euer-staring eyes,
And lookes a man so hungry in the face,
As he would eat him vp, and nere say grace.
A little low-cround Hat he always weares,
And Fore-horse like therein a Feather beares.
Goodly curld lockes ; but surely 'tis great pittie,
For want of kemming, they are beastly nitty,
His Doblet is a cut cast Satten one : (none :
Hee scornes to buy new now, that nere bought
Spotted in diuers places with pure fat,
Knowne for a right tall trencher-man by that.
His Breeches that came to him by befriending,
Are desperat like himselfe, & quite past mending.
He takes a common course to goe vntrust,

Ex-





SATYRES.

Except his Shirt's a washing ; then he must
Goe wool-ward for the time : he scornes it hee,
That worth two Shirts his Landresse should him
The weapons that his humors do afford, (see.
Is Bum-dagger, and Basket hilted Sword :
And these in euery Baudy house are drawne
Twise in a day, vnlesse they be at pawne.
If any fall together by the eares,
To field cries he ; why, zownes (to field) he swears,
Shew your selues men : hey, slash it out m^t blowes,
Let won make tothers Guttas garter his hose :
Make Steele and Iron vmpires to the fray,
You shall haue mee goe with you to see fair play :
Let mee alone, for I will haue a care,
To see that one doe kill the tother faire.
This is *Contempt*, that's euery ones disdayner,
The Strife pursuer, and the Peace refrayner :
Hates thunderbolt, damn'd *Murders* larum-bell,
A neere deare kinsman to the Diuell in Hell :
And he whom *Satan* to his humour bringes,
Is th'onely man for all detested thinges.





SATYRES.

6.

SATYRE.

TOm's no good fellow, nor no honest man :
Hang him, he wold not pledge *Ralfe* halfe a can
But if a frind may speake as he doth thinke,
Will is a right good fellow by this drinke.
Oh *William*, *William*, th'art as kind a youth,
As euer I was drunke with, that's the truth.
Tom is no more like thee, then Chalk's like Cheese
To pledge a health, or to drinke vp-se freeze :
Fill him his Beaker, he will neuer flinch,
To giue a full quart pot the emptie pinch.
Heele looke vnto your water well enough,
And hath an eye that no man leaues a snuffe.
A pox of peece-meale drinking (*William* sayes.)
Play it away, weele haue no stoppes and stayes,
Blown drinke is odious, no man can disiest it :
No faythfull drunkard, but he doth detest it.
I hate halfe this ; out with it, and an end,
He is a Buzzard will not pledge his friend,

But





SATYRES.

But stands as though his drinkes malt-facke were
 with *Heer's t'ye fir*, against you are disposed : (closed
 How say my friend, an may I be so bold,
 Blowing on's Beere like Broth, to make it cold :
 Keeping the full Glasse till it stand and sower,
 Drinking but after halfe a mile an hower ;
 Vnworthy to make one, or gaine a place,
 Where *boone* Companions gage the Pots apace.
 A mans a man, and therewithall an end ;
 Goodfellowship was bred and borne to spend.
 No man ere saw a pound of sorrow yet,
 Could be allowd to pay an ounce of debt.
 We may be heere to day, and gone to morrow.
 Call me for fix Pots more : come on, hang sorrow,
 Tut, lacke another day ? Why, tis all one,
 When we are dead, then all the world is gone.
 Begin to me good *Ned* : What, hast gone right ?
 Is it the same that tickeld me last night ?
 We gaue the Brewers Diet-drinke a wipe .
 Braue *Malt-Tobacco* in a Quart-pot-pipe ;
 It netled mee, and did my braines inspire,
 I haue forsworne your drinking smoke and fire :
 Out vpon Cane and Leafe *Tobacco* smell ;
 Diuels take home your drinke, keepeit in Hell.

D 3

Carowfe





SATYRES.

Carowfe in Cannon *Trinidado* smoake,
Drinke healths to one another till you choake,
And let the *Indians* pledge you till they sweat :
Giue mee the element that drowneth heat ;
Strong sodden Water is a vertuous thing,
It makes one sweare and swagger like a King,
And hath more hidden vertue then you thinke :
For Ile maintaine, good liquor's meate & drinke,
Nay, Ile go further with you, for in troth,
It is as good as Meate, and Drinke, and Cloth :
For he that is in Malt-mans Hall inrold,
Cares not a poynt for hunger nor for cold :
If he be cold, he drinketh till he sweat :
If he be hot, he drinks to lay the heat :
So that how ere it be, cold or hot,
To precious vse he doth apply the Pot :
And will approue it Phisicall sound,
If it be drunke vpon the *Danish* round,
Or taken with a Pickle-hearing or two,
As *Flemmings* at Saint *Katherines* vse to doe :
Which Fish hath vertue, eaten salt and raw,
To pull drinke to it, euen as Ieat doth Straw.
Oh tis a very Whetstone to the braine : (raine :
A March-beere shower that puts downe Aprill
It





SATYRES.

It makes a man actiue to leape and spring,
To daunce and vault, to carroll and to sing :
For all exploytes it doth a man inable ;
To o're leape mens heads, and caper ore the table :
To burne Sacke with a Candle till hee reeles,
And then to trip vp his companions heeles ;
To sing like the great Organ pipe in *Paules*,
And censure all men vnder his controules.
Against all commers ready to maintaine,
That deepest wit is in a drunken braine.
I marry is it ; that it is he knowes it,
And by this drinke, at all times will depose it.
He sayes, that day is to a minute shrunke,
In which he makes not some good fellow drunke.
And for nine Worthies on his Hostis wall,
He knowes three worthy drunkards passe the all ;
The first of them, in many a Tauerne tride,
At last, subdued by *Aquavitæ*, dide.
His second Worthies date was brought to fine,
Feasting with Oysters and braue Renish wine.
The third, whom diuers Dutchmen held full deare
was stabb'd by pickeld Hearings & strong beere.
Well, happie is the man doth rightly know,
The vertue of three cuppes of *Charnico* :

Being





SATIRES.

Being taken fasting, the onely cure for Flegme,
It worketh wonders on the braine extreame.
A pottle of Wine at morning, and at night,
Drunke with an Apple, is imployment right,
To rince the Liuer, and to purifie
A dead ficke heart from all infirmitie.

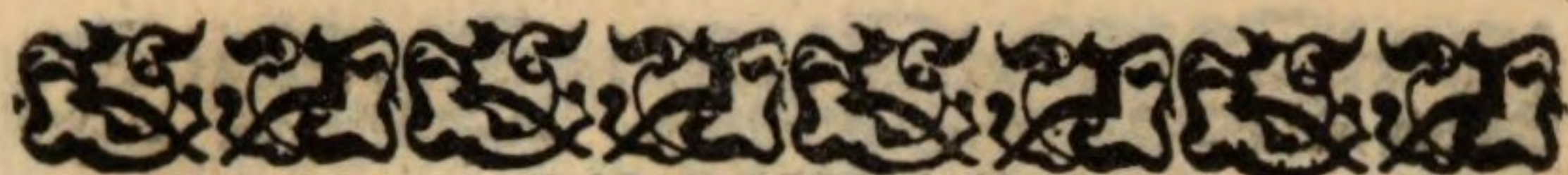
7.

SATYRE.

L Iu'd the Philosopher *Heraclitus*,
In *Troynouant* as once in *Ephesus*?
Were not *Democrites* liues-date full done,
But he with vs and's Glasse some Sand to runne?
How would the first dry-weepe his watry eyes,
And th'others laughter, eccho through the skies?
For while they in this world were resident,
Heraclitus for Vertues banishment,
Perform'd a penfiue teare-complayning part:
Democrites, he laugh'd euen from his heart,
Spending his time in a continual iest,
To see base Vice so highly in request.

Weepe



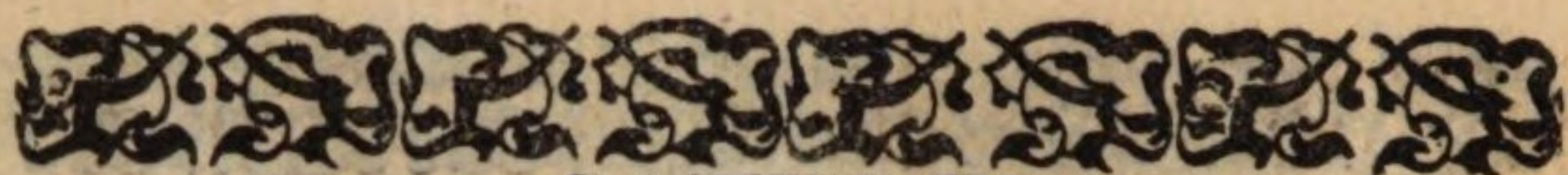


SATYRES.

Weepe Vertues want, & giue sad sighes to boote,
Vice rides on Horſe-backe, Vertue goes on foote.
Yet laugh againe as faſt on th'other ſide,
To ſee ſo vile a ſcumme preferr'd to ride.
But what wilt helpe to ſighe on ſlintie ſinne?
T'will not be mollified as it hath binne:
T'is farre more highly fauour'd then before,
For Sinne's no Begger, ſtanding at the dore,
That by his Patches doth his want diſpute,
But a right welcome Sir, for's coſtly ſute:
And maſkes about with ſuch an oſtentation,
World ſayes Vice-haters loues no recreation.
You ſhall haue ſmooth-fac'd neate Diſſimulation
A true *What lacke yee?* by his occupation,
Will (*I in truth, Yes truly*) ſhew you Ware,
All London cannot with his Stuffe compare:
Nay, if you match it (goe from him to any)
Take his for nothing, pay him not a penny.
At this, my ſimple honeſt Country-man,
Takes *Truth*, and *Truly*, for a Puritan, (ing,
And dares in's conſcience ſweare he loues no ly-
But that they deale for, he giues him the buying:
To let him haue a pen-worth he is willing;
Yet for a groats-worth, makes him pay a ſhilling:

Giues





SATYRES.

Giues Good-man *Trollop* one thing for an other,
And sayes, heele vse him as he were his Brother:
But while his eares with brothers tearmes he feeds
He prooueth but a Coofen in his deeds:
Brotherhood once in kindred bore the sway;
But that dates out, and Coofnage hath the day.
The foregone ages that are spent and done,
The old time past, that calles time present, Sonne,
Saw better yeeres, & more plaine meaning houres
Then presently, or future following ours:
The World is naught, and now vpon the ending,
Grows worfe & worfe, and fardest off frō mending
Seauen graund Diuels, bred and borne in Hell,
Are grac'd like Monarches on the earth to dwell:
where they cōmand the worlds whole globy rōūd
Leauing poore *Vertuous* life, no dwelling ground.
Pride is the first, and he began with *Eue*,
Whose cognifance stil's worne on womans sleeue:
He fits the humours of them in their kinde,
With euery Moneth, new liueries to their minde.
A Buske, a Maske, a Fanne, a monstrous Ruffe,
A boulder for their Buttockes, and such stufte:
More light & toyish then the wind blown chaffe,
As though they meant to make the Diuell laugh.

The



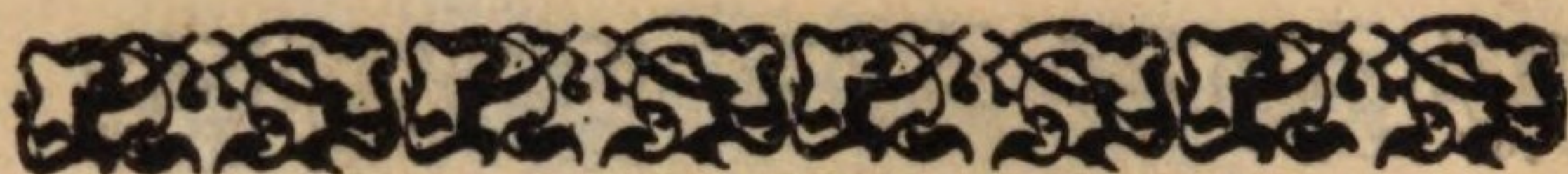


SATYRES.

The next that marcheth, is the roote of euill,
Cal'd *Couetousnesse*, a greedy rascall Diuell :
To fill olde Iron barred chestes, he rakes.
Great rentes for little Cottages he takes :
Hording vp corne, in hope to haue a yeare,
Fit for his cut-throte humour to sell deare.
Then is there a notorious bawdie Feend,
Nam'd *Letcherie*, who all his time doth spend,
In two wheeld Coatch, and Bafon occupation.
Making a vaulting house his recreation.
Vnto his doore the *Sumner* howerly marches :
And euery Tearme looke for him in the Arches.
Enui's the fourth, a Diuell dogged sprighted ;
In others harmes he chiefly is delighted ;
His heart against all charitie is steeld,
His frownes are all challenges to the field :
Though nothing crosse him, yet he murmurs euer.
He laughes at some mans losse, or els laughs neuer.
Wrath is the next, that swaggers, fights, & sweares,
In *Fleetstreet* brauely at it by the eares :
Parboyld in rage, pepperd in heat of ire,
Hotliuerd, and as chollericke as fire.
Vitlers and Sergiants are beholden to him,
Till Halter destinie of life vndoe him.

Sixe





SATYRES.

Sixe lubberly gor-belled Diuell great,
Is *Gluttonie*, swolne with excesse of meate :
His bellyship containes th'infaciate gutte,
Paunch'd liquor prooffe, an't were a Malmfie butt,
Dulled with drinke : this is his vsuall phrase,
Yet one Quart, and a morsell more, he sayes.
The last, is *Sloth* ; a lazie diuellish Curre,
So trust in *Idlenesse*, he scarce can sturre :
Lumpish and heauie thoughts, of *Sathans* giuing,
That rather begges, then labours for his liuing.
These seauen, are Feends come forth of Hels darke
On earth seducing soules, misguiding men. (den

FINIS.



NOTES.

NOTE I.

Monsieur Domingo is a skilfull man.—Epigram 1.

This word is the chorus of a drinking song quoted by Master Silence in his exuberant fit of revelry at Justice Shallow's mansion.

Do me right, and dub me knight,

Samingo.

In the Variorum edition, the first verse of the song is given with the burthen corrected to *Domingo*.

Note II.

Ple panch the villain with my rapier's poynt.—Epig. 5.

This is a phrase used by Caliban in his proposal for murdering Prospero :

_____ with a log
Batter his scull, or paunch him with a stake.

Note III.

Then for to drinke a pipe of Trenidado.—Epig. 3.

To drink tobacco was one of the affected phrases of the gallants of that age. In the Roaring Girl of Middleton and Dekkar, Saxton, one of the humorists of the piece, after commending "a pipe of rich smoke," has a parcel of the same tobacco made up for him, observing, "this will serve to drink at my chamber." And in an interlude entitled,

Wine, Beer, Ale, and Tobacco contending for superiority,
Tobacco is made to say,

——What, do ye stand at gaze?

Tobacco is a drink too.

Beer. A drink?

Tobacco. Wine, you and I come both out of a pipe.

Many other authorities for this conceited expression might be quoted.

Note IV.

His hose to brokers Iayle committed are,

His singular and onely velvet pair.—Epig. 6.

A calamity similar to that which occasioned this gallant's indisposition, imposed silence upon one of the bravest warriors of the 15th century. After the field of Shrewsbury, in which

The Percy and the Douglas both together

Were confident against the world in arms,

the latter champion, it is well known, was wounded and made prisoner. Having received his hurt in a part of the body too ignoble to be mentioned, Godscroft assures us that when, "after the battell every man was reckoning his wounds, and complaining, the earl said at last, when he had heard them all, '*They sit full still that have a riven breike.*' The speech continueth still in Scotland, and is past into a proverb, which is used to design such as have some hidden and secret cause to complain and say but little."—*History of the House of Douglas and Angus*, ed. 1644, page 120.

Note V.

——*Signeur Sacke and Sugar,*

When calling for a quart of Charinico.—Epig. 21.

This phrase brings us home to Falstaff, from whose dramatic history it was probably borrowed. "What says Sir John Sack and Sugar?" Charnico is a wine mentioned in the 2d part of Henry VI. Act II. Scene 3. "And, neighbour, here's a cup of Charnico." The critics conceive it derived its name from having the flavour of turpentine, Charneco in Spanish

signifying a turpentine-tree. If this interpretation be correct, we need not regret the disuse of Charneco in our modern times.

Note VI.

*Aske Humours why a fether he doth weare,
It is his humour (by the Lord) hee'le sweare.*—Epig. 27.

The whole of this epigram describes one of those dissolute coxcombs mentioned by Jonson in a passage quoted in the preface, who termed each conceited peculiarity of dress and manner, *his humour*, and vindicated his singularity as a quality befitting a fine gentleman. The worthy Corporal Nym hath this apology usually at his finger-ends, and Shylock himself condescends to excuse his extravagant cruelty as a humour, or irresistible propensity of the mind. I do not observe that the commentators have noticed that, in the Jew's celebrated answer to the duke, the expression,

“But say it is my *humour*—Is it answered?”

the word *humour* is not used in its modern signification, but in that which it bears through these satires, a peculiar quality, namely, which sways and masters the individual through all his actions. Accordingly Shylock proceeds to illustrate his innate antipathy to Anthonio by similar natural loathings.

Note VII.

——— *to worke he went,*

Making the dogge she held a grim catt's face.—Epig. 29.

This lady's dislike to being represented in such company, was not universal in the seventeenth century. The celebrated Countess of Pembroke and Montgomery, among the numerous portraits preserved of her, at Appleby Castle, is in one represented with a very large black cat sitting beside her foot.

Note VIII.

*In every street where any gallant goes
The swaggering slop is Tarleton's clownish hose.*

The breeches in James I.'s time swelled to a most un-

couth and preposterous size, and were stuffed out with bags and other bombast, and sometimes with bran. These were called trunk-hose. Bulwer, in the *Artificial Changeling*, tells of a gallant in whose immense gally-gaskins a small hole was torn by a nail of the chair he sat upon, so that, as he turned and wriggled to pay his court to the ladies, the bran poured forth as from a mill that was grinding, without his perceiving it, till half the cargo was unladed on the floor. It would seem in Queen Elizabeth's time such large breeches were part of the clown's dress, in which character Tarleton was very famous.

Note IX.

How rare his spurs doth ring the Morris dance.—Epig. 33.

It was the fashion of the time to wear gilded spurs, with rowels of a prodigious size and fantastic shape, which clanked and rung as the gallants walked, like the bells which morrice dancers fastened to their ancles. Spurs of their fashion are still preserved by the curious, and may also be seen in old paintings. "I had spurs of mine own before," says Fungoso, in *Every Man out of his Humour*, "but they were not gingers."

Note X.

—— *Some pippin squire.*—Epig. 34.

A pippin, or apple squire, whatever be its original derivation, is, in old plays and poems, used as synonymous to a pandar. Cavalero Shift, his trade being allied to that of Sir Pandarus of Troy, was, among other appellations, "as a poor esquire about the town," called occasionally Mr Apple-John. It is in this capacity that his bills set him forth as one, "who can serve in the nature of a gentleman usher, and hath little legs of purpose, and a black sattin sute of his own to go before her in . . . and can hide her face with her fan if need require, or sit in the cold at the stair foot for her, as well as another gentleman." Such a property was the subject of the thirty-fourth epigram become to his imperious consort.

Note XI.

Severus is extream in eloquence.—Epig. 36.

The whole of this thirty-sixth epigram is in the vein of Don Armado, in Love's Labour's Lost, who addresses his page Moth very much in the bombastic style of Severus's conversation with his boy.

Note XII.

*But wot you now whether the buzzard walks,
I into Paules forsooth.*

St Paul's was the rendezvous of all the idle and dissipated persons of the period, as well as of those whom serious business, or a desire to learn the news of the day, led to frequent a place of public resort. Being a place privileged from arrests, it afforded considerable convenience to the first of these descriptions. One whole scene of Every Man out of his Humour is laid among the loiterers who frequented the western and middle aisle of Paul's, which Sir Fastidious Brisk affectedly terms Mediterraneo. It cannot be forgotten that there Falstaff picked up his trusty follower Bardolph. Osbourne also informs us, that it was the fashion from the time of James I., down to that of the Commonwealth, "for the principal gentry, lords, courtiers, and men of all professions, not merely mechanics, to meet in St Paul's church by eleven, and walk in middle aisle till twelve, and after dinner from three to six," and that by attending to the news which were there daily current, he himself picked up a reasonable modicum of political information.

Note XIII.

His jacket faced with moth-eaten budge.—Satyre 2.

Budge was probably some paltry imitation of velvet. The word in Queen Elizabeth's time was used to signify the allowance of liquor issued to those who attended upon her progresses.

Note XIV.

—*Kind-heart in drawing out a tooth.*—Satyre 2.

Kind-heart is sometimes mentioned by authors of the pe-

riod as a sort of quack-doctor. Henry Chettle, an obscure dramatic author, wrote a pamphlet called *Kind-heart's Dream*.

Note XV.

*But comes to dice—why thats his onely trade,
Michell Mum-chaunce his owne invention made.*—Satyre 3.

Alluding probably to a pamphlet entitled, "*Mihil Mum-chaunce his Discovery of the Art of cheating in False Dyce Play*," without a date. It is ascribed by Mr Reid to Robert Greene, but, as appears to Mr Haslewood, on doubtful authority. See *Censura Literaria*, vol. viii, p. 390. The Fullams, Bardquater-tray, High and Low men, &c. mentioned in the subsequent lines, were various kinds of loaded or false dice. Some of the terms are yet used among sharpers. Hence the consolation of Pistol when dismissed by Falstaff, that

———— Gourd and *fullam* holds,
And high and low beguile the rich and poor.

Merry Wives of Windsor, Act I. Scene 3.

Note XVI.

Well seen in magic and astrology.—Satyre 3.

The character of the gamester, swindler, and bully, of the reign of James I. had features unknown to those of our age. He was often a conjuror, an astrologer, and an alchemist. The practice of legerdemain probably fitted him for all the branches of his profession, and, besides dealing in the sophisticated wares of prediction, philtres, and alchemy, these impostors often mingled darker practices with their mystical frauds. The name of Dr Forman, a celebrated astrologer and magician, is deeply implicated in the amours of Somerset and Lady Essex, and Villiers Duke of Buckingham was much censured for his attachment to impostors of this description. Dr Lamb, one of his dependent necromancers, had his brains beat out by the mob in the streets of London in 1628; and Butler, another of the same description, is said to have been miserably murdered by the jesuits abroad, in one of their religious houses. See Wilson's *History of James VI.* in Kennet's Collection, vol. ii, p. 490.

Note XVII.

——— *What meant Singer then,
And Pope the clowne, to speak so boorish, when
They counterfaite the clownes upon the stage.*—Satyre 4.

Gabriel Singer is mentioned at the end of Epigram 2d, and is quoted in the Gull's Horn-Book, with Tarleton and Kempe, as a performer of the clown's part. The pamphlet was published in 1609, and it would seem that Singer was then dead. See Prolegomena to Shakespeare, vol. iii. p. 243, Variorum edit. 1803. Thomas Pope also acted the clown's part. He died in February 1603-4, and the industry of Shakspeare's editors has recovered his will, which is curious. Pope acted along with Shakespeare. Ibid. pages 244 and 521.

Note XVIII.

*That cloth will now compare with velvet-breech ?
Let him discourse even when and where he dare,
Swear cloth-breech is a pessant (by the Lord),
Threaten to draw (his wrath-venger) his sword ;
Tut cloth-breech doth deride him with a laffe,
And lets him see Bone-baster, that's his staffe.*—Satyre 4.

This is an epitome of Robert Green's pamphlet, entitled A Quip for an upstart Courtier, or a Dispute between Velvet and Cloth Breeches, which may be found in Mr Parke's new edition of the Harleian Miscellany, volume v. p. 393. The original tract was published in 1592. See Mr Haslewood's curious list of Green's productions in the Censura Literaria, vol. viii. 380.

Note XIX.

*He takes a common course to go untrust,
Except his shirt's a-washing ; then he must
Go woolward for the time*——— Satyre 5.

Our ancestors' dress consisted of three principal parts, cloak, doublet, and hose. The former was often laid aside, when the gallant was said to be in *cuerpo*. The hose, like the present pantaloons, comprehended breeches and stock-

ings in one piece. They were fixed to the doublet by a vast number of strings called points, by tying or unloosing of which the person was *trussed* or *untrussed*. A slovenly careless ruffian, like him described in the satire, went about without being trussed, unless when his only shirt was a-washing, when the hiatus between the hose and doublet would have exposed the deficiency of linen. Then, like Don Armado, he went wool-ward for penance.

Note XX.

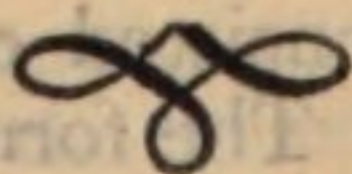
*Heele look unto your water well enough,
And hath an eye that no man leaves a snuffe.
A pox of peece-meal drinking (William says)
Play it away, wee le have no stoppes and stays.*—Satyre 6.

A snuff is, in the language of modern compotators, called a heel-top. The passage affords an interpretation to one in Shakspeare more clearly than the commentators have assigned to it. Among the cant phrases acquired by Hal in the cellar of the Boar's Head tavern at East Cheap, he tells us, "When you breathe in your watering they cry hem! and bid you play it off"—which is precisely the encouragement given by the hero of the satire to the faint-hearted pot-companion who stops for breath in the midst of his draught.

Note XXI.

*The first of them, in many a tavern tride,
At last, subdued by Aquavitæ, dide,
The second worthies date was brought to fine
Feasting with oysters and brave Renish wine.
The third, whom divers Dutchmen held full deare,
Was stabb'd by pickeld hearings and strong beere.*—Satyre 6.

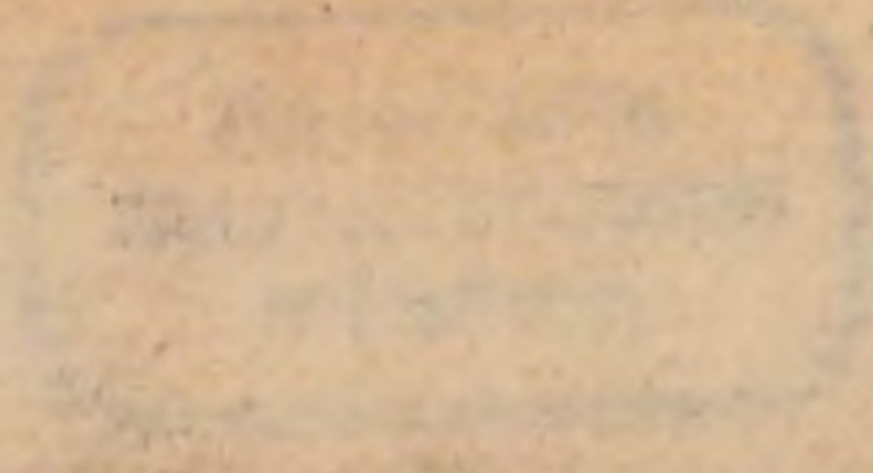
The author had probably in his recollection the miserable fate of Robert Green, who died of a surfeit in 1592, after a debauch upon pickled herrings and Rhenish wine.



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Rowlands, Samuel

The letting of humours blood in the headvaine, ...

Edinburgh 1815

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